



FANORAMA

Queer

gaff

Issue

7

FANORAMA

issue #7

It is estimated that 3 million women will die of AIDS during this decade.

dedicated to the queer grrrls and womyn at Wheeler, School One, Hope Essential School and Hampshire College.

your thoughts, suggestions and opinions are especially welcome. send submissions and all other stuff to: FANORAMA
Suite 241
500 Waterman Avenue
East Providence, RI 02914
USA

please specify if stuff is for publication and if you want it to only appear in a future all-grrrl issue. additional copies may be ordered for \$2 plus \$1 postage if ya want me to mail it. special thanx to the Women's Action Coalition and the Lesbian Avengers. Additional heartfelt thanx to the womyn of ACT-UP.

Mary Worth by John Saunders and Joe Giella



Fanorama #7...The QUEER GRRRL Issue...December 1993

a note from the publisher...

Yeah, I'm a guy.

Publishing a queer grrrl issue of my zine.

When I began doing Fanorama almost 2 years ago,

I wanted it to be inclusive of all voices and genders.

But that just didn't happen. I actively solicited womyn

to submit stuff to be published but, other than that

self-proclaimed "boy-dyke" Terry Sappy, no one came

forward. Then one day my feminist bisexual boyfriend

suggested that maybe I'd have better results if I did

an all-grrrl issue. He suggested that when womyn

create their own space then their voices can be heard.

When men do the same thing, they're just being sexist

and exclusionary. I apologize for paraphrasing his voice,

but that's the message I heard. The womyn who helped me

edit this issue agreed that maybe the boy-fanorama and the

grrrl fanorama should remain separate vehicles for queer

expression. In my ideal world, the stuff you'll find in

each would peacefully co-exist in the same issue. But,

this ain't my ideal world. But maybe it's getting a

little better...no thanks to most men, queer and straight

alike.

I've tried to keep my voice out of these pages. I've tried

to shut men up for just a little while. Everything, except

this column and perhaps the FACTSHEET 5 zine reviews, is

written by womyn. One piece of graffiti art was created by

a queer man. Some original photographs were taken by me

with the knowledge and permission of the womyn in them.

The editing was done by my friend, **Thea Ernest**. I did the

paste-ups and paid for the cost of advertising and production.

I would like to thank the following womyn for their

contributions, talent, inspiration and rage: Thea Ernest,

Kelly Brady, Mary Lynch, Cecilie Surasky, Meredith,

Terry Sapp, Lauren, Kathy, Jen, Marti, the bisexual womyn

at Hampshire College, Sharon Jill Bear Bergman, Erin, my

mom and my sister. I would like to thank my

boyfriend, **Collin**, for introducing me to Toni Morrison

and Yoko Ono and for reintroducing me to Alice Walker,

Gloria Steinam, Karen Finlay, Sandra Berhardt, Diamanda

Galas and Lydia Lunch.

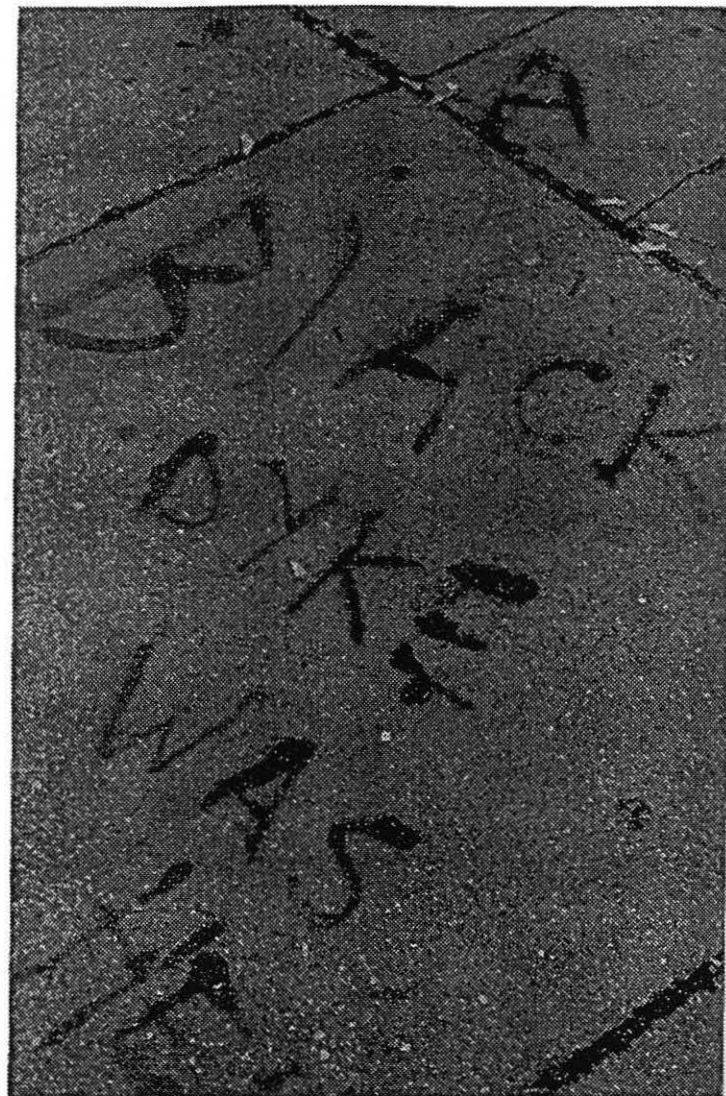
WHERE ARE YOU SISTERS?

Invisibility Is Our Responsibility

I wear my pink triangle everywhere. I do not lower my voice in public when talking about lesbian love or sex. I always tell people I'm a lesbian. I don't wait to be asked about my "boyfriend." I don't say it's "no one's business."

I don't do this for straight people. Most of them don't know what the pink triangle even means. Most of them couldn't care less that my girlfriend and I are totally in love or having a fight on the street. Most of them don't notice us no matter what we do. I do what I do to reach other lesbians. I do what I do because I don't want lesbians to assume I'm a straight girl. I am **out** all the time, everywhere, because I **WANT TO REACH YOU**. Maybe you'll notice me, maybe we'll start talking, maybe we'll exchange numbers, maybe we'll become friends. Maybe we won't say a word but our eyes will meet and I will imagine you naked, sweating, openmouthed, your back arched as I am fucking you. And we'll be happy to know we aren't the only ones in the world. We'll be happy because we found each other, without saying a word, maybe just for a moment.

But no.



You won't wear a pink triangle on that linen lapel. You won't meet my eyes if I flirt with you on the street. You avoid me on the job because I'm "too" out. You chastise me in bars because I'm "too political." You ignore me in public because I bring "too much" attention to "my" lesbianism. But then you want me to be your lover, you want me to be your friend, you want me to love you, support you, fight for "OUR" right to exist.



WHERE ARE YOU?

You talk, talk, talk about invisibility and then retreat to your homes to nest with your lovers or carouse in a bar with pals and stumble home in a cab or sit silently and politely by while your family, your boss, your neighbors, your public servants distort and disfigure us, deride us and punish us. Then home again and you feel like screaming. Then you pad your anger with a relationship or a career or a party with other dykes like you and still you wonder why we can't find each other, why you feel lonely, angry, alienated.

GET UP, WAKE UP SISTERS!!

Your life is in your hands.

When I risk it all to be out, I risk it for both of us. When I risk it all and it works (which it often does if you would try it), I benefit and so do you. When it doesn't work, I suffer and you do not.

But girl you can't wait for other dykes to make the world safe for you. STOP waiting for a better more lesbian future! The revolution could be here if we started it.

Where are you sisters?

I'm trying to find you, I'm trying to find you.

How come I only see you on Gay Pride Day?

We're OUT. Where the fuck are YOU?

More late nite babble from an iguana...

Once upon a time, I was a pretty fucking nasty punk dyke. Had a two-tone hawk. Mashed in the pits with the boys. Drank a lot of beer. Did some property damage... awww... they've fixed that Gerardo's sign ages ago... heh. Fucked around a lot. Big deal.

Then it got bad. It aint important what happened. Shit happens.

So I got clean n' sober.

Funny thing happened... I started getting sick of eating Ramen four times a week. Unemployment was suddenly... a real drag.

So I got a job. Yeah, a job. I cut off my mohawk and started ~~eat~~ eating better. Im' still poor as fuck, but I feel like Im' among the living again.

I don't spend all my dough on booze 'cause I don't drink anymore. You know, it's kinda nice having five bucks in my pocket at the end of the night. Sometimes I'll take a cab home from the club. Hey... my neighborhood gets rough... I like a little "luxury" now n' then.

But that ain't how the punks see it here.

-2-

No, ma'am.

I'm a traitor now. Yeah. A real loser, they say.
Cut my hair. Got a job. Takes a cab. Whoa, baby.
I got forced out of the mosh pit the other night.
They say I'm not a punk anymore. Sure.

It's a class thing. We're all dirt poor.
But now they're poorer. At least that's what they say.
They spent twenty bucks on beer... and a lot more
for all that acid they dropped. That motorcycle
she rides don't run on air. But I ain't a punk
because I don't act the part or run with their pack.
No sir. They're too cool for me.

Hey. I'll tell ya...

She looked really cool puking her guts out in the alley.
Her punk dyke friends ain't showered in a week and they
are so high on their junk that they can't lick start the
bikes.

Yeah. Real cool.

I never thought I'd find myself catching shit
from the punks. I'm unemployed again.
Maybe I'll re-shave the hawk. I still hate our
society... our patriarchal white-male-hot bullshit
government... but I gotta wonder...

SHARKMEAT COMICS PRESENT...

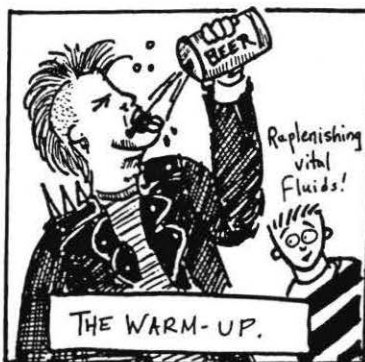


SLAM-DANCING: THE OTHER SPORT

©TERRY SAPP 1992

IT ISN'T JUST FOR BREAKFAST ANYMORE!

APPARENTLY, MANY WELL-TRAINED ATHLETES ARE UNAWARE THAT US COUGH-POTATO PUNK-DYKES HAVE A GAME OF OUR OWN. SLAM-DANCING POSSESSES NUMEROUS ELEMENTS SIMILAR TO OTHER FULL-CONTACT SPORTS.



THE WARM-UP.

PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT. (OPTIONAL)



HIGH INTENSITY WORKOUT

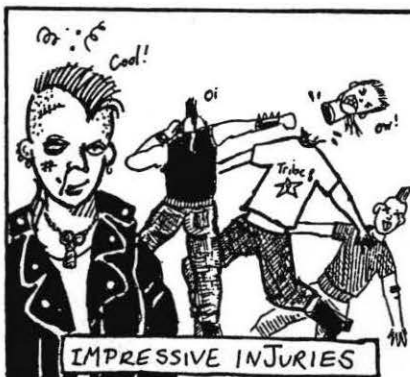


SKILLED ACROBATICS

A GREAT WAY TO MEET NEW BABES



SPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT



IMPRESSIVE INJURIES

BUT MOST OF ALL... GOOD, CLEAN FUN!



©TERRY SAPP 1992

SHARKMEAT COMICS '92

Reflections of a Young Butch Dyke

I find myself getting a lot of disapproving looks these days. Most of them are from dykes who feel as though they are the final authority of what is and is not politically correct. Apparently, I in my boots and tie with a woman in a dress on my arm am not politically correct. This is apparently also my fault. No one seems to fault her for falling for strong butch me, but they criticize me freely and loudly - it is clear they feel I have coerced her with my "patriarchal values" into enjoying dresses or makeup or silk and lace.

I bought my first tie as an eighteenth birthday gift to myself. When I wear it out, alone, women in leather with cropped hair often sidle up to me with careful eyes to ask whether I would like to take them home and turn them inside out with my hands and mouth. They ask if I would like to be tied down and taken and then held long and hard. They wind my tie through their fingers and grin cat-eat-the-canary grins. I am accepted and admired for my dyke appearance, my muscles from hard work, not mindless workouts, my wide hands. I am a prize.

When I go out with my femme lover, I am viewed with suspicion. Perfect strangers take the liberty to ask why I feel I must oppress her in this way. No one asks me why I am butch or how it makes me feel. No one seems impressed with the fact that I am an educator, going into schools to tell schoolchildren and guidance counselors that their pristine institution is not queer-free. No one seems impressed with the fact that I am a poet, a humanist, a counselor. No one asks whether I would still want my lover if she never again wore makeup or a dress.

The answer is yes, in case you were wondering.

Sometimes when I go out, I see striking femme women who look at me across the bar, arrogant and playful and needy, and ask me if I will light a cigarette for them. I always comply. I understand my role as a butch.

I understand that this tie does not make me a butch. I understand that it is all within me, but that I had best never become too self-congratulatory in my butch swagger. I understand that I must hold my lover in arms that are tender around her, and impenetrable to those who want to hurt her. She likes it that I am so strong. She revels in the muscles that lattice my back and arms and thighs. She loves it that I am always careful to walk between her and oncoming traffic. She jokes that I am her bodyguard, that I have more tools than her father; she makes me carry her over puddles, and tugs on my tie as though it were a leash. I have cried like a tiny child in her arms. I like it when she rises up off the bed, tumbles me and fucks me. She has no illusions about me.

I am not a holdover. I did not come out when "everybody was butch or femme," thus making me excusable. I am not a fifties bar dyke, or a factory worker. I am not from the stereotypical circumstances that are supposed to "make" a butch. I am an upper-class student at college studying to teach. This makes me twice a culprit for choosing to be butch when I don't have to, three times a culprit for being butch when I am told I oughtn't.

I don't care.

I am comfortable in my own skin, scarred though it is. So do not tell me how much you disapprove of me and my style, my kissing my lover's tiny hand, my allowing myself to be seduced by grandmother-aged women who, believe me, know a thing or two. I don't want to hear it. I am proud of who and of what I am. So is my femme. Beyond that, nothing else matters.

SHARON JILL BEAR BERGMAN

My friends say "Thea, your life reads like a lesbian trash novel" and they are right. Allow me to share my true adventures with you! Using the basic "Girl Meets Girl" formula, fill in the blanks with as many choices as you like from the columns below.

SHE WAS A	(A)	WE MET	(B)
SHE WORE	(C)	SHE SAID	(D)
I SAID	(E)	WE DID IT	(F)
I FELT	(G)	AFTERWARD	(H)

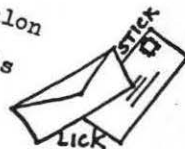
THE END



- A.1. an ice skater
2. a social worker
3. an anarchist stand-up comedienne
4. a detective
5. a painter
6. a pharmacist
7. a pancake waitress
8. a prizewinning writer



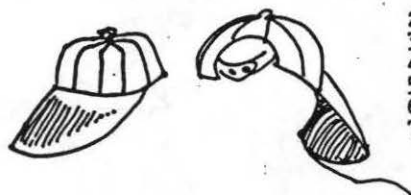
- B.1. at a hairdressing salon
2. in the personal ads
3. at her ex-girlfriend's
4. over coffee
5. in DC
6. at a mailing party
7. after her appendectomy
8. on my first day of work
9. during the '70's
10. after she moved here from San Francisco
11. just before closing time on Ladies' Nite



- C.1. paint spotted old clothes
2. silver and onyx rings
3. her hat backwards
4. a lace G-string
5. clothes that smelled horsey
6. a gun
7. a silk shirt buttoned up over her throat
8. shoulder pads attached to her bra straps



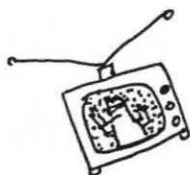
- D.1. "The way you put the cape around my neck, I know you are different from the others."
2. "I've got to make a phone call."
3. "Don't tease me."
4. "Will you come home with me?"
5. "I can tell you have been sleeping with men."
6. "What if it doesn't work out?"
7. "Cathy told me that if I don't try to go home with you I'm crazy."



- E.1. "I'm a disillusioned straight woman."
2. "What about the police?"
3. "I think you and I are the ones who ought to be together."
4. "please?"
5. "Then the solution is for you to sleep only with women who are visiting from out of town."
6. "Could we please just talk about that later?"
7. "I can't stand the thought that everyone got to see your breasts today except me."
8. "I can't do this."



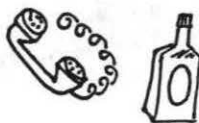
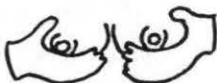
- F.1. in her roommate's bed
2. in my Honda
3. on the rocks by the sea
4. on the floor after the bedslats collapsed
5. at the Driftwood Motel on Route 6
6. next to the gooselamp
7. in a kingsized bed at the Inn San Francisco
8. in the corner of the hall by fluorescent light
9. in front of Arsenio Hall



- G.1. butch
2. like a Do-Me-Queen
3. sweat burst out of my pores when I came
4. like I was going to black out
5. like I would never stop laughing
6. embarrassed when I farted
7. like gagging on that one damned pubic hair that I couldn't cough up
8. like crying
9. like the luckiest woman in the world
10. like a pervert
11. like I didn't know whose cunt was whose
12. so scared



- H.1. I wrote her a thank-you note
2. we went to couples counselling to break-up as friends
3. we were confidantes
4. I could still smell and taste her
5. she was my favorite masturbatory fantasy
6. we laughed on the phone
7. I was too scared to be her girlfriend
8. I lost her address
9. she left gin in my freezer
10. she went on the road with her ukelele



The End 1993

copyright 1993 by Kelly Brady
No part may be reproduced,
however, any woman may whisper
any part of this poem to any
woman at any time.

9 cunts in 1 poem
Kelly Brady

...barely awake, it's a hot summer day & I'm sittin' writin' & a breeze comes up & I can smell my cunt, faint & sweet on the air, on my fingers left over from this mornin' & I remember all the others, cunts that is, small delicate & pink, large red ringed with dark wiry hair, the first for which I can think of no other word but first & then there's the one I was not allowed to see but I touched it & smelled her & all the smells come back to me deep with promise, fondly remembered like the smell of gingerbread bakin' or the sea, the smell of YES, of home, I almost said a safe smell but of course we all know it's not always safe, there is a history, a time when that smell came up & out without permission, against my will, but those memories are bein' replaced with the new stories, the new poems, the new smell of my cunt, faint & sweet on the air, on my fingers left over from this mornin' & then

there are the bodies around the cunts, the mountains hills & valleys of the womyn, the backs arched makin' bellies rise, breasts shakin' like earthquakes, thighs & knees clutchin' my head, my blood her blood poundin' in my ears or lyin' close beside suckin' lickin' nipples while my hand does the hikin' down, always down like water flows to find the stream & the sigh, the sigh of contact with wet, with want, with cunt, the ridges lips & folds the clit the moan of please honey, take your time, oh baby, don't take your time oh come inside oh fuck me hard the sound of fuckin' the rhythm in & out & in & then somehow findin' (how many hands do I have, how many fingers & tongues) the tart dusky crack beyond the cunt, the rim, so gentle, oh, be so gentle please & I am & later my hand is trailin' up with her smell travelin' ahead like a guide, a guide across the bodies around the cunts, the mountains hills & valleys of the womyn & then

there's the restin' the peace the slowin' down or sometimes speedin' up because now it's my turn or maybe not or maybe I got mine first or whatever & the breathin' gets deep & slow & I try to remember I got to get up & go home because home is where I belong these days, these days I am a poet & I need to touch see smell hear & taste everything, say it out loud pacin' back & forth in my small rooms, discover it's rhythm again & again, gettin' it down on paper, the perfect poem about cunts like a song sung real good over & over so that by the time the night is done & mornin' is comin' up I have done it & wrote it & finally for me there's the restin' the peace the slowin' down or sometimes speedin' up because now it's my turn (again) & then

barely awake, it's a hot summer day & I'm sittin' writin' & a breeze comes up & I can smell my cunt, faint & sweet on the air, on my fingers left over from this mornin'.

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Shooting Star

Teenage Video Maker Sadie Benning Attracts a Youthful Audience

BY ELLEN SPIRO

"Y

ou know, I've been waiting for that day to come when I could walk the streets and people would

look at me and say, 'That's a dyke,' " declares video artist Sadie Benning in her work *Every Girl Had a Diary*. "And if they didn't like it, they would fall into the center of the earth and deal with themselves. Maybe they'd return, but they'd respect me."

Seventeen-year-old Benning gives her audiences hope. Using a cheap plastic video camera (a Fisher Price Pixelvision), she has created a series of deeply personal, artistically deft, and politically charged works that document her evolving state of mind. Transcending her medium, Benning confronts a variety of experiences, from teen

video show at Milwaukee's Walker's Point Center for the Arts in July 1990, attracted a packed house, sparked by controversy from the poster she made for the show: a satirical photograph of herself as a small child with her mom—both naked—hitchhiking on a roadside. In addition to the inclusion of several of her works in the March 14 cablecast of L.A. Freewaves, a Los Angeles video festival, her videos will be featured at lesbian and gay film and video festivals in Chicago in May and in New York in June. Her video *Welcome to Normal* was shown recently at the prestigious Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City, and others will be screened at a number of upcoming lesbian and gay film and video festivals.

"My dad said to me, 'You know, I'm really worried that all your work is just going to be on one subject,'" Benning recalls, "and I was like, 'Yeah, my life.' He makes [experimental] films. What are his films about? That's about his life. It just so happens

is for gay and lesbian people. We are *starving* for work."

COMING OUT ON VIDEO

Benning's videos began as an extension of her written diaries, personal outpourings that she methodically recorded while growing up in a working-class Milwaukee neighborhood. She kept these documents of her youth well hidden in her bedroom.

Then at 15, Benning made her first video, *New Year*, a ten-minute tape created with the Pixelvision camera she got for Christmas from her father. She describes her creative process: "I just wake up in the middle of the night and go at it. Sometimes I can't fall asleep because I'm thinking about something, so I start shooting. It's spontaneous." *New Year* was also the start of her coming-out period, frankly unveiled in her subsequent videos.

Rita Mae Brown's novel *Rubyfruit Jungle* inspired Benning's third video, *Me and Rubyfruit*, which chronicles the enchantment of teenage lesbian love. When she first picked up Brown's book, Benning was amazed to read about Molly Bolt, a sort of lesbian Huck Finn character with whom she could identify. "I always thought about that character, and I read it again and again," she recalls. A painful awareness of the absence of lesbian teenage representations fueled her political awakening. "When you're growing up, the media totally ignore gay and lesbian youth and gay people in general," she asserts. "When I realized my feelings were nowhere on TV or anywhere else, I shoved them way down inside myself and tried to be something else. And then at a certain point, all those feelings surfaced back up, and I couldn't ignore them."

With the help of *Me and Rubyfruit*, Benning began to come out to her friends by privately screening the work. "I would show them what I was working on, and they would kind of figure it out from that," she says. "The video was an extension of my ac-



A precocious video maker
"When you're growing up, the media totally ignore gay and lesbian youth."

angst to societal violence. In her recent videos (she has distributed six through Video Data Bank of Chicago), the traumas and ecstasy of adolescent dykedom are left bare on the screen with outrageous honesty, immediacy, and wit.

Benning's first public screening, a lesbian

that his sexuality isn't something that people are going to label or talk about or say, 'He's the heterosexual artist.' The art world is not white, heterosexual, and male-dominated anymore. There's definitely homophobia in the art world, but I don't care. That's not my audience. My work right now

"In a happy world, it would not matter if you were gay."

cepting [my lesbianism]."

At 16, in her junior year, the video maker dropped out of high school. As a gay teen in an intolerant environment, Benning found that school was hard on her, and she would often come home depressed. In her high school, she recounts, "everybody called each other 'fag' and 'queer,' and the teachers would joke about gay people. I just didn't want to be put through that abuse. I was in a really fragile stage, and I knew that if anybody knew I was gay, I would totally get tormented. School was really difficult. To be that age anyway is tough, but to be gay is just hell."

So Benning stopped going to school and stayed inside for three weeks with her video camera, TV set, and a pile of dirty clothes, churning out a heartfelt video rendition of her psyche called *Living Inside*. In the video, she confesses, "It's so useless to me now. I should be in study hall right now studying. I haven't been in school in a week. What have I done?"

In *Welcome to Normal* a message is scrawled on torn scraps of paper taped to her window reading, "What's the sense in life if you can't be who you are?" The phrase is repeated and inserted with a shot of Benning in the mirror wearing a bandanna. Continuing, she reflects on being a tomboy: "It's normal for boys to like girls. I've always wanted to be a boy. . . . I suppose in one way or another, I've always liked girls. I'm going to be a woman who loves women. Inside I just want to be myself."

A YOUTH ADVOCATE

The autonomy, honesty, and sense of justice that emerge from Benning's videos are heightened by her political savvy. Believing that she has the power to change things, she has become an advocate for gay and lesbian youth, facilitating a lesbian rap group and appearing on a Milwaukee talk show as an out lesbian.

"I really like working with the kids because I totally identify with what they're going through, except I was just lucky to have a family that was accepting," she says. "Gay kids are killing themselves."

"When I show the kids in the youth group the videos I'm working on," she continues,



Stills from *Jollies*, Benning's newest work
Her videos will be screened at festivals across the nation.

"they are so happy to hear a voice, because we are cheated out of that our whole life. We don't really have the gay childhood that we deserve—like being able to go to the prom with your girlfriend or walk hand in hand in the hallway or just grow up not feeling ashamed or isolated or shunned from the rest of society. I didn't get to do all those things. I'm 17 years old, and I'm just now feeling like I don't have to be ashamed."

A Place Called Lovely, Benning's current work in progress, deals with what she considers the general state of the world. "I think in a happy world, it would not matter

if you were gay," she asserts. "Whoever you fell in love with would be OK, regardless of gender. I want a world that isn't so fucked up."

"We think we're so intelligent, and we have all this technological stuff, but I don't think we're using it in a way that's helping ourselves. We're damaging everything. The media is just the most disgusting thing I have ever seen, and everything is so controlled by things way out of our hands. You're raised to think there's justice, and then you realize that it's not true. It's a lie. I want to change the way things are." ▼

WAC STATS

The Facts About Women



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or write to WAC at:

P.O. Box 1862

Chelsea Station

New York, NY 10011

In a survey of women aged 18-35, 75% believed they were fat, while only 25% were medically fat.¹

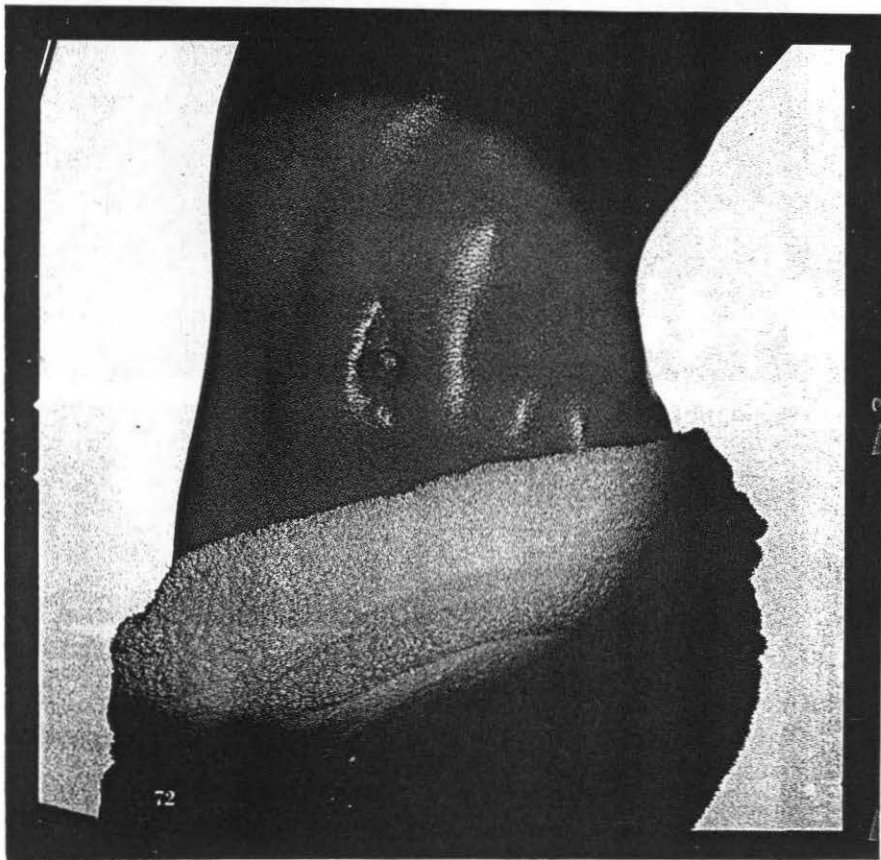
The diet industry currently grosses \$33 billion a year.⁷

90%-95% of anorexics and bulimics are women.²

Toned
torsos and
thin thighs
are the Holy
Grail of
the body-
contouring
Industry.

At least 2 million Americans use diet pills.⁶

95% of enrollees in weight-loss programs are women (although the sexes are overweight in equal proportions).⁴



On any given day, 25% of women are on diets, with 50% finishing, breaking, or starting one.³

In one survey, 50% of anorexics had been sexually abused.²

150,000 American women die of anorexia a year.¹⁰

53% of high school girls are unhappy with their body by age 13; 78% are unhappy with their bodies by age 18.²

Women over 30 with a family history of breast cancer have a 575% greater risk of developing the disease than do other women.³

In this decade, an estimated 2 million women will learn they have breast or cervical cancer, and more than a half-million women are expected to die.⁷



Breast cancer incidence increases with age, rising sharply after age 40. 80% of all breast cancers occur in women over 50 years of age.^{1,4}

The 5-year survival rate for localized breast cancer has risen from 78% in the 1940s to 93% today.⁹

The incidence of breast cancer in all races rose 25.8% from 1973 to 1988; the mortality rate rose 1.8% in the same period.¹

This year, breast cancer will be newly diagnosed every 3 minutes, and a woman will die from breast cancer every 12 minutes.¹

Breast-Cancer Politics

Heavy lobbying brings more money to find a cure, but will the research dollars be well spent?

By CHRISTINE GORMAN

ONETHOUSAND STRONG THEY MARCHED on the Ellipse near the White House, mostly women but some men as well, wearing small pink ribbons and waving large angry signs. They came to Washington last week to deliver a message to the President and the nation: breast cancer will strike at least 1 of every 9 women, so put more money into stopping the epidemic. Organized by the National Breast Cancer Coalition, a grass-roots movement with 70,000 members, the rally produced a quick response. During a meeting between the group's leaders and Bill and Hillary

19) to be National Mammography Day, a dispute was erupting over the government's attitude toward the X-ray tests that are the best means of detecting a breast cancer before it becomes incurable. NCI was considering making a new recommendation: women in their 40s should no longer be given routine mammograms unless there is some reason, like a family history of the disease, to suspect a higher-than-normal risk. While studies have proved the value of the test in women 50 and older, the available research suggests that mammograms in younger women do not spot tumors well enough to produce a significant drop in the breast-cancer death rate.

Many women's groups reacted angrily, arguing that not enough research had been done to reach such a conclusion. Just when women are getting into the mammogram habit, complained NCI's critics, the government is sending out a confusing message about the test.

The demands of breast-cancer lobbyists are growing even though the disease receives more government funds than other forms of malignancy, including lung cancer, which kills more women each year. One justification is that while the causes of lung cancer (chiefly smoking) are well understood, the

causes of breast cancer (diet, genetic makeup or exposure to pollutants?) are still mysterious. Even so, no one can guarantee that more money will bring a quicker cure. "People say that the money will save lives, but that's not necessarily true," says Ann Flood, a sociologist at Dartmouth Medical School. "It's not like we are close to brand-new information that would benefit from such funds."

Or maybe we are. Researchers report in the current *Nature Genetics* that they may have isolated a gene linked to hereditary forms of breast cancer. If confirmed, the results could help lead to a better understanding of the disease—and more effective weapons against it.

—Reported by

Janice M. Horowitz/New York



Taking a cue from AIDS activists, women (and some men) bring their fervor and message into the streets of Washington

Clinton, the President pledged to draw up a "national action plan" for preventing, diagnosing and treating the disease.

Following the successful strategy of the red-ribboned AIDS lobby, breast-cancer victims and their supporters have become a powerful political force over the past year. The National Cancer Institute plans to spend \$263 million in 1994 combatting the disease, 34% more than in 1993. But while the government's commitment is growing, setting a rational breast-cancer policy is becoming problematic. Controversy rages over what is a reasonable amount of money to spend and how it should be spent.

Even as Clinton was meeting with protesters and proclaiming the next day (Oct.

Breast cancer is the leading cause of cancer death for African-American women.¹
In 1987-88, more white women than African-American women were diagnosed with breast cancer, but 32% of African-American women as opposed to 24% of the white women died from it.²

Over 80% of breast lumps are benign.¹
70% of African-American and Latina women have never had a mammogram.²
Recent data indicates that, for women under 50, the risks of having a mammogram may not outweigh the benefits.⁶

TIME, NOVEMBER 1, 1993

Most women who get breast cancer have no identifiable risk factor.⁶

34% of the nation's homeless in 1991 were families with children (disproportionately single-mother families), up from 27% in 1985, and they are the fastest growing segment of America's homeless population.¹

Each night in America, 100,000 children sleep in a shelter, on the street, or in an abandoned building.¹

Studies estimate that between 30% and 50% of homeless children do not attend school regularly. Nearly half of homeless preschoolers manifest "serious emotional and developmental delays."¹

89% of homeless mothers have been physically and/or sexually abused, 67% while children.¹

Approximately 20% of homeless women have abused alcohol or drugs.¹

40% of homeless women receive no prenatal care.¹

Out of the average 4,000 families requiring shelter in New York City each month, at least 691, or 17%, were families with a pregnant woman or a newborn infant.²

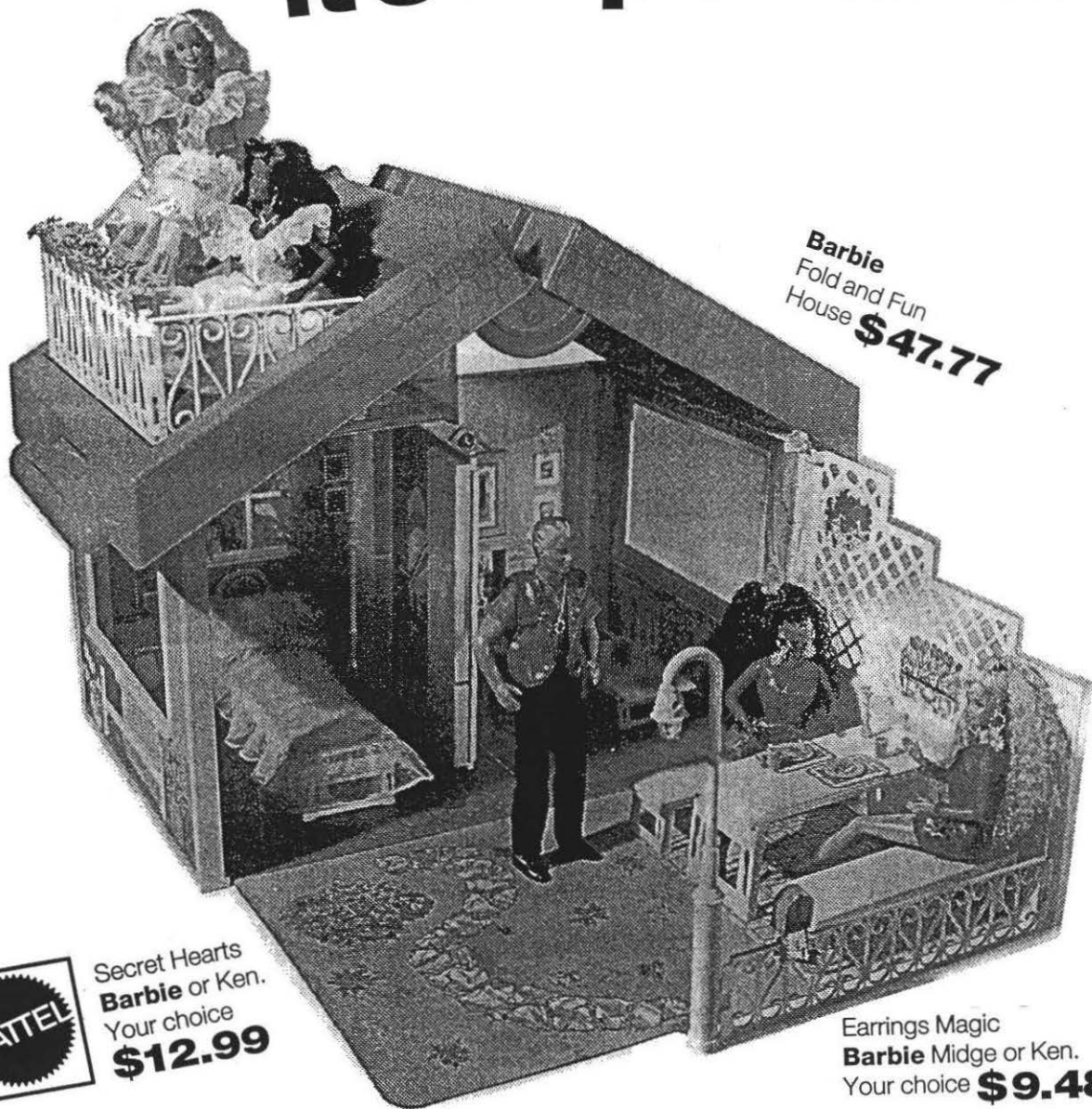
55% of those in family shelters have completed high school, and 13% attended college. For single residents, 20% of men and 30% of women attended college.²

Between 30% and 40% of homeless and runaway teenagers are gay.⁴

The average number of children in an American family is 2.2; the average

put a price on HOMELESSNESS it's expensive.

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Barbie or Ken.
Your choice
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Earrings Magic
Barbie Midge or Ken.
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New York City spends an average of \$2,300 per month to keep a family in a welfare hotel.²

300 teen-agers rally to ban discrimination in high schools

By Don Aucoin
GLOBE STAFF

About 300 teen-agers staged a boisterous rally yesterday in the State House to urge passage of legislation banning discrimination

against gay high school students.

The bill, which won approval in the House last week but faces an uncertain fate in the Senate, would prohibit discrimination against students in public schools on the basis of their sexual orientation. Under the legis-

lation, students who believe they are victims of discrimination would be entitled to file lawsuits against their schools.

Lt. Gov. Paul Cellucci told the crowd that passage of the bill would "send a strong message that discrimination against any student, including gay and lesbian students, will not be tolerated in any school in Massachusetts." Other speakers said it would help cut high dropout and suicide rates among gay students.

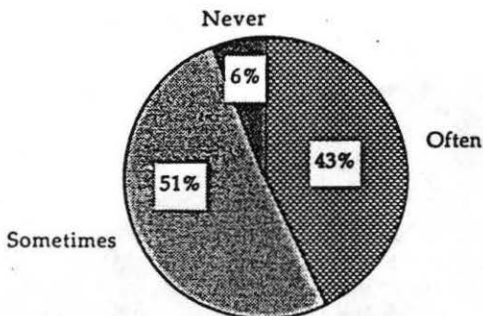
Cellucci appeared deeply affected by stories of harassment recounted by Chris Hannon, a 16-year-old Dorchester youth who dropped out of Boston College High School after constant abuse by classmates, and Mark DeLellis, a 17-year-old senior at Belmont High School.

"Every day I heard the words 'homo,' 'faggot,' 'queer,'" Hannon said. "Every day I wondered: 'How much longer can this go on?'"

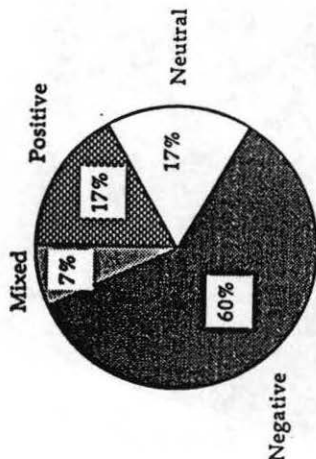
Hannon said the abuse intensified in his sophomore year. "I was pushed, kicked, thrown against lockers, and worst of all, spit on like some vile piece of trash," he told the hushed crowd.

When he complained to a guidance counselor, she asked him: "Couldn't you act a little less gay?"

"How often do you hear anti-gay or anti-lesbian remarks made at your high school?"



"How would the parents of most of your friends react to finding out that their child was lesbian, gay, or bisexual?"



Teen-agers rally at the State House for a bill that would ban discrimination against gay students.

according to Hannon. When he complained about physical abuse to other school officials, he was told they could not guarantee his safety, Hannon said. Eventually, he dropped out.

William Kezema, principal of Boston College High School, told the Associated Press that while Hannon was harassed by some students, the youth turned down offers of counseling and other help. "He had total

support from the school," he said.

DeLellis said classmates surrounded him one day on a soccer field, spat upon him until his shirt was soaking wet and hurled dog feces at him. On a virtually daily basis he hears epithets such as "fag," he said, while "teachers pretend not to hear these slurs and students go unpunished."

After listening to Hannon and DeLellis, Cellucci, with anger in his

voice, declared that "that kind of hate has no place in our schools and it has no place in our state."

In addition to Cellucci, public officials present at the rally included Rep. Byron Rushing (D-Boston), sponsor of the bill; David Mulligan, commissioner of public health; Michael Duffy, commissioner of the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination; and Sen. Dianne Wilkerson (D-Boston).

hello,

I thought you might want a copy of the report done by the governor's commission. I think that it's a little odd for a state with a Republican in power to be so far ahead of little old RI.

Student Comments

"By having a club those who were gay would be revealed and then ridiculed by other students...Prejudices are things that we may try to ignore, and to deny. We may say we are not prejudiced, and make ourselves believe that. But as people we are constantly making assumptions and forming ideas of others. It is a sad truth." — Male, 17 years old

"...just keep them out of my sight and away from me." — Male, 16 years old

"I hate them." — Male, 16 years old

"I believe that homosexuals and bisexuals are living in sin. The person should not be discriminated against, but helped with the forgiveness of their sin by God." — Female, 17 years old

"I think that it is right to have support groups if the people were teased or need to get it in the open. But I think it should be treated like any club; if they get rowdy they should discontinue the club. No special treatment because that makes people think they are different." — Female, 14 years old

"Discrimination is wrong in any form." — Male, 14 years old

"Many people I know are homosexual. It is accepted even though it provides for some interesting conversation." — Female, 17 years old

"I am not gay but I have a friend who is & I think it is really mean when people make fun of him." — Female, 14 years old

"Learning about the gay and lesbian community should start at a young age. Some people I know are already prejudiced against homosexuals because they were never exposed to any information about them when they were younger." — Female, 16 years old

"I believe that this topic should be openly and more frequently discussed in schools. I believe that discrimination, of any kind is wrong. Educating people may help solve this problem." — Female, 18 years old

"I think it is important that in high schools students & teachers have open discussions on this topic." — Female, 18 years old

"People should be taught more in school about the subject." — Female, 14 years old

"I myself am going into the military next year and in response to the recent controversy surrounding gays/lesbians in the military — I think it is great if anybody wants to go into the military. They are certainly entitled to the same rights as I am." — Female, 18 years old

PS check out the funky pe graphs in the back. They are nifty and very frightening.

Governor William Weld of Massachusetts signed legislation designed to protect gay, lesbian and bisexual students against discrimination in public schools on the basis of their sexual orientation in December 1993. Massachusetts is the first state to protect our queer youth.

think,
Laurin

Dearest Richard:

I have wanted to write to you for some time now to Thank You for your wonderful column in the Nicepaper. I look forward every week to reading it and catching up on Queer news. I also like to keep up with the shallow people news so I don't spend my hard earned money in their establishments.

I am new to coming out which I did one year ago. It's very difficult for me because since I did my family has sort of disowned me. They say they are embarrassed of me, won't kiss me anymore (unless they turn their heads) And my lover is not allowed in their home. I miss my family. You see I had a husband house car. I was miserable sexually and emotionally. I met the woman I am with now one year ago and I am so very happy with her. But as I said, I still miss my family. Say the word lesbian they all run — even left my children with their father in fear of losing total custody due to my sexual preference. I see them daily.

That's why your column means so much to me. You expose people and establishments for their

Shallow and racist behaviors. If we expose them maybe they can learn from their foolish behaviors. Or lose queer money!

I have to say that I am glad I have done this. I am finally free and happy. My lover is wonderful and I am in a relationship I have always dreamed of. We won't drink at the Mirabar. They hate women. Blacks too I guess. I hope the owner sees the "Queer wall" on Wickenden Street. Queer ▼ Rage and Boycott Mirabar. To those who wrote it Ya Hoo and Thanks.



lots of lesbian love

Mary

FACTSHEET 5

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GRRRLZ & ?

ALARM CLOCK Alternative Music

#19. A radical music zine with a women-oriented, grrrl/lesbian slant. A review of *Detroit! Murder City Comics*, some concert reviews, a response to the last (negative) review of *The Crying Game*, and interviews with Sidi Bou Said, She Never Blinks, Red Aunts, Backwash, and Adrian Tomine (the cartoonist responsible for *Optic Nerve*). No trades/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews comics/reviews music/back issues available/submissions OK. Price: \$2.50. Sub: \$5 for 3 issues. Allen Salyer, P.O. Box 1551, Royal Oak, MI 48066-1551 (40 pages/digest/DTPed/RSP)

BUST

the zine that's strong enough for a man, but made for a woman. Vol. 1, #1, July 1993. A good debut for this sassy mag for "generation X" — slacker gals. Funny attitude on the Lifetime Channel, tragic boyfriends, and fun love/hate charts. Plus strong, honest essays on ambivalence over blowjobs and being an ex-stripper. Still a couple bugs — #1 is too talky by half, and loaded with that lame gen-x ambivalence. But issue #2 is the "fun" issue, and I wouldn't miss it for anything. No trades/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews comics/reviews music/reviews videos/back issues available/prints letters/submissions OK. Price: \$1. Sub: \$4 for 4 issues. BUST, P.O. Box 319, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023 (15 pages/standard/rough/MCS)

CATHERINE'S HAIR

#4. Some poetry, some essays, some riot grrrl stuff — all very personal. When parties suck, short fiction about cave exploration, U of A survival tips, the writing of Mary Shelley, and some poems. We just got a copy but they may have just printed the last issue. Trades OK/reviews zines/reviews music/free ads/submissions OK. Price: 2 stamps. Sub: \$2 for 4 issues. Kiki, 809 E. Lester Dr., Tucson, AZ 85719 (RSP)

CRAWL

#3, Spring '93. A messy zine by a female high school student living in New Jersey. This is the "love sucks" issue with a few angry poems and short rants about boys. Trades OK/free ads/submissions OK. Price: \$1. Sub: \$5. Jean, 259 Wayfair Circle, Franklin Lakes, NJ 07417 (12 pages/digest/raw/RSP)

CREME BRULEE

#1, July '93. A fun new angry zine. A rant against that pig Rush Limbaugh, the fascism of fashion, and her obsession with talk shows. Trades OK/submissions OK. Price: \$1. Abigail Johns, 6344 N. Sheridan #54, Chicago, IL 60660 (10 pages/half-legal/raw/RSP)

DRUM CORE

A drumming zine for women? Maybe a zine for female drummers? It's more like a riot grrrl zine for grrrls who like to drum. This premier issue kicks off with an extended conversation with many of the participants at the ABC No Rio Riot Grrrl benefit on June 11, '93. There's also famous gals and the guns they carry, drumming technical tips, nasty mnemonic devices, recipes and reflexology. Fuck *Iron John*, this is *Drum Core*. No trades/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews music/no submissions. Price: \$2 + SASE. Drum Core, 19 Hope Street, Brooklyn, NY 11211 (24 pages/half-legal/RSP)

DRUM CORE

#1, Summer, 1993. "This is a femine for tom girls." Yeah, not just guys get in a big circle to make a lot of primitive noise with drums. Grrrls with drums, grrrls with guns and grrrls with drums and guns. Random interviews with folks at the ABC No Rio Riot Grrrl benefit. Questions and answers about drums and drumming. Exercises and recipes. Dig Tanya on the cover. No trades/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews music/prints letters/no submissions. Price: \$2 + SASE. Drum Core, 19 Hope Street, Brooklyn, NY 11211 (24 pages/half-legal/DTPed/JP)

GIRLYMAG

#4. March on Washington photos; 7 Year Bitch show review; interview with the Friggs; stuff on Bikini Kill and Huggy Bear; tips for stuff to take to Pride Parades; like wearing a sign with a specific message; an anti-Paglia rant; a profile of big band singer Kay Starr; more music reviews and stuff, too. Price: \$1 + 2 stamps. Girlymag, Box 151, Audubon, NJ 08106 (20 pages/half-legal/LR)

GUIDE TO WOMEN-ORIENTED BANDS

With Female Vocalists

May '93. This is simply a list of alternative and punk bands that feature female

vocalists with contact addresses and discography information. In addition to the band info there's half a page of riot grrrl-oriented zines. No trades/no submissions. Price: \$1. Carrie Carolin, P.O. Box 94221, Seattle, WA 98124 (16 pages/standard/rough/RSP)

GUNK

#4. This zine is done by a black punk skater girl and is incredibly cool. Ramdasha writes about frequently being the only person of color at punk shows, and how the analysis of punk as "white niggers" fails; a letter from Queen Ichie, who had her zine rejected by Blacklist because some guy thought it was "too girly"; tons of zine reviews; a report on the summer '92 Riot Grrrl Convention in DC; Skool Sucks; Stacer Gunk goes to skate camp; Ramdasha cleans a woman's house, but quits when the woman says "Why don't you dress like an American girl?"; thoughts about not just preaching to the converted; Ramdasha writes about her cousin Noel, who lives in Newark, whose future she worries about; a real Rock-n-Roll High School in Australia where girls are taught to play rock music! Price: \$1 + 2 stamps. Ramdasha, 16 Lord Stirling R.D., Basking Ridge, NJ 07920 (52 pages/digest/LR)

HAG

A zine covering the personal and the political. Jennifer first wrote about pop culture and its representation of women, then talks about stuff going on in her life. Overall, a really good balance. There's a nice piece here on the response to the women's movement on '70s TV. Then she wrote about sexuality, obscene phone callers, trivia about perfume, protection against rape, movie reviews and her fun trips to New York, Indiana, and London. Trades OK/back issues available/no submissions. Price: \$1. Jennifer, P.O. Box 411711, Los Angeles, CA 90041 (18 pages/digest/raw/RSP)

LITTLEBIG SISTER

#1, July, 1993. Punk/Grrrl zine from sisters living on a palindromic street. It's D.I.Y. all the way. Building a local scene, interviews with Excursion records and Shotmaker, tricks to play on friends, veggie recipes, road trips and lots of reviews. One article has Caroline worrying about "reality" TV (like "Cops") yet she's overjoyed with "America's Most Wanted" as it "actually capture(s) criminals, with the help of the public, which then has a positive effect on society." Yeah, right, turning North America into a continent of snoops, snitches, finks, tattletales and enthusiastic members of the Police State is a most positively wonderful effect on society. Trades OK/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews comics/reviews music/free ads/prints letters/submissions OK. Price: \$1. Libs & Caroline, 9 Glenelg St. East, Lindsay, OT K9V 1Y5, Canada (32 pages/digest/raw/JP)

OOOMPA! OOOMPA!

#3. An excellent riot grrrl zine that avoid the overdependence on band interviews and review but goes straight to the heart of the matter. Lot of angry (and quite intelligent) rants about the shit that teenage grrrls have to deal with. Honest rants about dealing with early "development" at school, natural remedies for yeast infections, the transformation that Tina went through after seeing Madonna on TV, reclaiming your menstrual period, becoming cunt-positive, dealing with a fucked relationship, illustrated fashion tips, cool stuff to check out in Boston, censorship in music, and the sexual politics of meat. Trades OK/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews comics/submissions OK. Price: \$1. Megan, 23 Long Ave. #1, Allston, MA 02134 (44 pages/digest/raw/RSP)

OOOMPA! OOOMPA!

#3. Almost all of the contributors to this zine are women, and much of the writing is about issues specific to women. That doesn't mean that men shouldn't read it — it's good for us boys to read what girls are saying. Contents this time include a piece about how Target censors album lyrics; why being queer in the punk community isn't any easier; an article about having large breasts; the sexual politics of meat; cool places in Boston; yeast infection treatment; a woman's experience growing up with personal appearance, including being influenced by Madonna; juvletters from Sam(antha); drawings of fashion tips for punks who can't think for themselves; several pages about menstruation, including advice about dealing with cramps and some alternatives to tampons; beer's not vulgar; becoming cunt positive; a piece coming to the realization that a relationship is fucked up. Price: \$1. Megan, 23 Long Ave. #1, Allston, MA 02134 (44 pages/digest/LR)

PATTI SMITH

#2. A cool zine covering the local punk scene and riot grrrl issues. Angry but not too ranty with a good sense of humor. She wrote an overview of the cafe options around town, why she hated *The Crying Game*, a hand drawn map of all the cool stuff in her town, home abortion tips, the war against women, 27 good things and 27 bad things, and a bunch of decent veggie recipes. Watch

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P.O. Box 170099
San Francisco, CA 94117-0099

the address I think she just started college at NYU. Trades OK/reviews zines/ reviews music/paid ads/no submissions. Price: \$1 + 1 stamp. Leah, 32 S. Flag St., Worcester, MA 01602 (34 pages/digest/raw/RSF)

RAW VULVA

#2, May '93. A way cool biking zine marketed towards queer girls but methinks it's just fine for all genders and preferences. Full of tips, techniques, comics, bike lore, and stories for bike punks in San Francisco and around the world. I'm so happy to see a second issue. Sometimes you get these great zines but you're never sure if it's a one-time thing. We get more bike friendly places in San Francisco, why biking is so great, horrible stories of violence towards bikers, hazards for biking in San Francisco, astro-compatibility, and Sharon Lum is dyke biker of the month. No trades/age statement required/ prints letters/submissions OK. Price: \$1 + 2 stamps. Raw Vulva, 842 Folsom, Box 233, San Francisco, CA 94107 (12 pages/standard/DTPed/RSF)

RIOT GRRRL NYC

#7. This is the Queer Punk issue. Tales of a true baby dyke — she had a mohawk and a girlfriend at age 8; coming out story by Jill, who made the decision to not grow up, but her friends eventually assimilated; cool stuff God Is My Co-Pilot found in England, including writing by British riot grrrls and Homocult posters; I love my cellulite poster; lyrics from queer punk band Double Zero; stuff from a multicultural feminist symposium; a questionnaire for gay men, including asking if they call women bitches, whores, or cunts; article about how being a young dyke punk is confusing and painful because you're part of four subcultures; article on bisexuality. Price: \$1 + 2 stamps. Riot Grrrl NYC, Box 1320, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009 (24 pages/digest/LR)

RUCKUS

A Girl's Rock and Roll Rag

#2. A zine for fans of loud female rock bands. I really enjoyed reading the interview with Patti Smith from 1976. There's a look at Tribe 8, and interviews with Fastback, Velocity Girl, and Pleasant Gehman. No trades/ paid ads/submissions OK. Price: \$1 + 3 stamps. Lori Weiner, 136 Julie Drive, Glenview, IL 60025 (standard/rough/RSF)

RUCKUS

A Girl's Rock and Roll Rag

#2. A culture rant, including complaints on the Hollywoodization of Frida Kahlo; a review of an Ace Frehley show; some quotes from Velocity Girl; a reprint of an interview with David Bowie's mum; a Patti Smith interview from 1976; a trippy comic; a Tribe 8 article; interview with Kim Warrick of the Fastbacks; Pleasant Gehman interview; a rant on gender; photo essay on the pluses and minuses of Amsterdam. Price: \$1 + 3 stamps. Ruckus, 136 Julie Drive, Glenview, IL 60025 (40 pages/standard/LR)

SHE GOD

#3, July '93. Riot Grrrls and politics. There's poetry, reviews and some angry rants. She just started a resource listings section to facilitate networking in the community. There's an essay questioning the direction of liberation, a long poem about empowerment, and a cure for depression (keep moving forward). Trades OK/reviews zines/ reviews books/reviews music/back issues available/free ads/prints letters/submissions OK. Price: \$1 + 2 stamps. Sara Thibault, 28 James St. Apt 11, Milford, NH 03055 (24 pages/half-legal/rough/RSF)

SLUT UTOPIA

Wild Bitching & Ranting Comic Collages & Art

#2, 1993. Way cool zine of comic, rants and raves, opinions, book recommendations, clip art, poetry, Riot Grrrl comics and zines, etc. Lots of Riot Grrrl/Space Grrrl gear too! Amazons vs. baby factories, Slut Manifesto, Puss in Boots searches for Slut Utopia, fuck books Lizzard read as a kid, and more. I especially liked "Krazy Kraig, Body Fluid Poet," about a dude who liked to be piked on. "The gun is INSIDE OUR HEADS," rights on Lizzard. Also available for \$2 is Buy Me, a collection of writings from when Lizzard was stripping in Austin, Texas. No trades/submissions OK. Price: \$2. Sub: \$10 for 4 issues. Lizzard, RGOS, P.O. Box 26614, San Jose, CA 95159 (28 pages/standard/MIR)

STUMBLE

#3. A riot grrrlish zine that's well-written and engaging. I enjoyed the interview with Teenage Gang Debs publisher Erin Smith about being on TV and playing in Bratmobile. There's also stuff about Sugar. Trades OK/reviews zines/reviews books/reviews music/back issues available/free ads/submissions OK. Price: \$2 stamps. Renee Bessette, 59 Brenwood Lane, Fairport, NY 14450 (20 pages/digest/rough/RSF)

THE URBAN HERBALIST

Healing, Self Help Healthcare, and Sexual Adventure for & by Women

#9, July '93. A useful newsletter filled with tips for women who want to take control over their own health, naturally and safely. In addition to articles there are several pages of nationwide resources such as herbal mail-order, health networks, bookstores, zines, classes, conferences and more. Much of the resources are local (NYC) but that shouldn't limit this zine's appeal as it's so packed full of valuable information. This one has lots of info on the mysterious female ejaculation. There's tips and commentary by those that have succeeded. Also a look at the herb St. John's Wort, how to harvest wild herbs, and how to avoid toxins. It's a complete guide to natural women's health care. No trades/reviews zines/reviews books/back issues available/ submissions OK. Price: \$ASE w/ 2 stamps. Sub: \$5 for 4 issues. WHAM!, P.O. Box 7338, New York, NY 10116-4629 (16 pages/standard/DTPed/RSF)

WILLIAM WANTS A DOLL

the sXe, grrrl style, indie-pop, generation X, DIY, cyberspatial digest

#2, Spring, 1993. The subtitle pretty much sums it up. Spring break in Baltimore, the march on DC for Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual (i.e. human) Rights, and lots of little lists and factoids. Trades OK/reviews zines/reviews music/free ads/submissions OK. Price: \$1 + 1 stamp. Arielle Greenberg, 105 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11040 (20 pages/digest/rough/JP)

WOMENSTRUGGLE

A new journal of Women's Activism and Resistance

Vol. 1, #1, Summer '93. A magazine chronicling the struggle women have over violence in this, and other, male-dominated societies and offering solutions. I really appreciated its global view. There's an upsetting (and very topical) piece about rape during wartime, some rare information about the struggles in East Timor, a listing of female political prisoners, an open letter to women bashers, the status of women in Cambodia, abortion rights in Australia, an intriguing interview with a Malaysian labor leader, and two pages of resources. Short but not dogmatic, chock full of vital information. No trades/reviews books/paid ads/free to prisoners/submissions OK. Sub: \$10 for 4 issues. P.O. Box 54115, Minneapolis, MN 55454 (20 pages/taibloid/DTPed/RSF)

CHRISTIAN ANGST



